

# OUR DUMB Animals

vol. 69, no. 6



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**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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# Animals

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# Alvord Wild-Life Sanctuary

**O**N Sunday, July 29, 1956, the Alvord Wild-Life Sanctuary will officially be opened. The Sanctuary, located on Bear Island, in Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire, comprises hundreds of acres of beautiful native woodlands representing practically all types of animal-plant communities, making an ideal study area for teachers, humane workers, youth leaders, camping personnel and all animal lovers who would enjoy observing the beautiful creatures of the wild in their native habitat.

Here it will be possible to observe hundreds of deer, foxes, raccoons, mink, squirrels, bears and many others and, of course, over a hundred species of birds—all in an atmosphere of “*reverence for life.*”

On opening day, guests from many parts of the country will be present for the dedication ceremonies and the first educational session under the direction of Mr. Lester A. Giles, Jr., who is the Director of the Alvord Wild-Life Sanctuary.

The Sanctuary is owned by the Mary Mitchell Humane Fund and is being operated in cooperation with the American Humane Education Society. Splendid buildings have been erected to house, feed and provide educational opportunity to all who plan to come.

We have received a great many letters and applications from educators, naturalists and humanitarians for reservations for the opening sessions, and unfortunately many had to be turned down because of our policy not to overcrowd the Island and disturb unnecessarily the animal population.

Additional sessions are contemplated this year and anyone interested should write immediately for details to the Mary Mitchell Humane Fund, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

This Sanctuary is a dream of ours which finally has been realized. We hope and pray it will bring to mankind a new and fuller appreciation of the importance of all living things because in this Sanctuary there will be no hunting or trapping, and the creatures that inhabit the forest and field will enjoy life free from the interference of man with his gun or trap.

E. H. H.

## "Dr. Duck"

By Casey Creed

SOMEONE had been thoughtless — even criminally careless!

Mr. and Mrs. Duck led their family of ducklings in ever-growing V-shaped paths to land's edge. Then, one of the bright-eyed youngsters spotted a juicy morsel on the beach. In his youthful inexperience and impetuosity how was he to know that that morsel was securely attached to a fishhook and length of line? A quick waddle, a sudden gulp and down went the tidbit and unfortunately also the hook and line.

It was at this point that the episode came to my attention. The little duckling was flopping helplessly on the beach and as soon as I saw the trouble I started racing to the rescue, but stopped short to watch as the mother duck quackingly, half flew and half waddled to the strangling youngster.

Had I not seen what happened next with my own eyes, I would never have believed it possible. Almost sooner than it takes to tell, the mother duck had repeatedly squeezed at the duckling's neck until the barb of the hook was forced through. Thereupon, she seized the hook in her bill and pulled it and the line through the hole.

Incredible? Yes, but it actually happened—and what's more, the duckling eventually recovered and was able to join his brothers and sisters.

## Necessity Is the Mother

IN Jacksboro, Texas, Paul Gafford saw a cottontail rabbit whip a big snake. Here is his story:

"I heard a baby rabbit squealing and saw mother cottontail coming fast. She grabbed the snake with her teeth. She bit and shook the snake just as a dog would have done.

"The snake ran for a mesquite tree. The rabbit hung on and was lifted several feet. When she broke free, she grabbed a new hold and pulled until the snake tore loose again.

"During the fight, the rabbit made a growling sound, similar to a small dog. I killed the snake and the baby rabbit escaped."



Rollins '54

## "Kiki-Poo"

By Rosamond Rollins

Dainty feet, so small and soft,  
Agile body held aloft  
By graceful legs.

Slender tail that curls around,  
Gently waving with each bound  
She makes.

Playing swift with string-led mouse,  
Batting, boxing round the house,  
Ever keen.

Tell me how such feline poise  
Lends itself to all the noise  
She makes.



Rollins '54

## Conservation Education

### Workshop

A COURSE given by the American Humane Education Society in co-operation with Plymouth State Teachers College at the Alvord Wild-Life Sanctuary, Bear Island, Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire will be given August 12-25 at a cost of \$105.00 which includes registration, tuition, health insurance, board, room, and recreational facilities. Two hours credit will accrue to those who fulfill the requirements.

Emphasis is placed upon the understanding of basic concepts of natural interrelationships (ecology), development of individual conservation philosophies, and the study and practice of educational techniques and resources for incorporating conservation into the school program. Enrollment is limited to 20 in order to insure a maximum of individual attention.

Classes will involve field trips, lectures, discussions, seminars and indoor and outdoor laboratory work. Each student will prepare a plan for incorporating into his teaching program the development of an understanding of conservation principles. Ample time is allowed for individual study and recreation.

Dr. William G. Vinal, Prof. Emeritus, University of Massachusetts, Walter P. Gleason, Principal of Lilja School, Natick, Mass., John Dodge, Conservation Educationist, New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission and others will conduct seminars.

Applications and requests for information should be sent to Director of Wildlife and Conservation, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

This is the second series of courses planned for the Sanctuary this summer. The first course, which will correspond with the formal opening of the Alvord Wild-Life Sanctuary, will open on Sunday, July 29 for those especially interested in the work of humane societies. Representatives of these organizations from all over the country have already registered and it is expected that a full quota will be on hand for the opening.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Music coming from within the enclosure caused these horses to nose their way to the doorway, seeking entrance.

**When it comes to music, horses have just—**

# Plain Horse Sense

By Dr. Alvin C. White

THAT the horse has "an ear for music" is well known. In Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" is to be found the result of the bard's observation:

*"For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and  
neighing loud,  
(Which is the hot condition of their  
blood),  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet  
sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual  
stand,  
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze  
By the sweet sound of music."*

Perhaps, acting on that suggestion, a former Duke of Portland, who kept a number of very fine horses, had a music gallery constructed in the great stable and engaged musicians to give a concert once a week for the delectation of his horses, as he found they were delighted and cheered by sweet sounds. Persons who have noticed the effect of music on

horses in cavalry regiments will not regard the foregoing as over-refinement.

Horses recognize musical forms as well as rhythms. If the circus horse is used to turning and bowing at a chord signal, he'll slip into that routine whenever he hears the chord — even though it may be in a new piece and has no signal value at all.

Horses, once they have become accustomed to it, delight to march to the strains of a military band, though any harsh or sudden sound, as the beating of drums, or violent trumpeting, they hate. Those who have witnessed musical rides will remember the pride the horses seem to take as they go through the intricate drill to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee." The graceful stepping of the circus horse in the ring to the accompaniment of music, is another example. Horses, especially thoroughbreds, are so sensitive and highly strung that any strong emotion whether of pleasure or distress, can easily upset their whole calibre.

To give an instance of how a horse can be affected by music, take the case of "Double Chance," who once won the

Grand National. He was booked to run in a certain race at Cheltenham, and was confidently expected to win. However, on the morning of the race he was found in such a highly nervous condition that the trainer decided it was unwise to run him. It appeared that someone had been singing and playing a banjo outside the horse's box on the eve of the race, and to this was attributed the animal's indisposition.

At the Royal Winter Fair, held in Toronto, Canada, bagpipes have been used to quiet the nerves of the horses in their stalls at the end of the day. Scottish stablemen claim that the pipes will tame the wildest horse in creation and that it is true that the pipes put the horses to sleep.

The results of some observations established the fact that disconnected tones on stringed instruments created no effect upon horses beyond causing some of the animals to manifest signs of impatience, but when a melody was played the horses turned toward the players, pricked up their ears, and showed plainly the pleasure they experienced.

# "Duke," Public Relations Expert

By Vida C. Ungaro



A MEMORY came back to preside at the opening of the Mercer County SPCA's new Shelter Building (New Jersey) on February 19. "Duke", the Society's mascot who died on July 30, 1955, played an active part in helping to bring about this wonderful day, and he is too large a memory to forget.

Duke was destined always to be in the limelight and to meet him for the first time was an unforgettable experience—like seeing one of the seven wonders. It was in the Fall of 1952, when I first met this 125-lb. Great Pyrenees. Our SPCA maintained a booth at the State Fair and the drive for funds was a pioneering project for those of us who were new to the Society. We ladies were all determined to make a success of it and thought we were doing just fine until Duke appeared on the

horizon, complete with his little money basket tied around his neck. We had to take a back seat in the face of this glamorous personality.

Duke was a dazzling match for any of the Fair's sideshow wonders, for the sight of this huge, pure white snowdrift settling softly on the dust-laden fairway was a fabulous spectacle. I could imagine the circus barker's blaring voice, "Hurry, hurry, folks, see the great white mountain that moves and barks like a dog"!

From the crowds that daily gathered to admire and throw coins into his basket, it was plainly evident that this handsome canine "country gentleman" was to become our Society's No. 1 Public Relations expert. From that point on, Duke did an excellent job of promoting the cause of his less fortunate friends—always ready to lend a helping paw when there was a drive or parade. He really earned the enviable position he held with the organization, for often, like the rest of us, he would grow weary and slowly amble to the back seat of his owners' automobile (donation can filled to the brim) and flop tiredly, ready to call it a day.

We all like to know what makes an outstanding personality tick, and I learned more about Duke's character through his owner, Mrs. Rena Hart, 125 Boudinot St., Trenton.

His puppyhood was filled with the usual energetic chewing capers, except that along with the shoe and furniture chewing, he must have had a secret admiration for French because he literally digested a French book, although his bark never took on a Parisienne flavor. Duke started at an early age to make a big impression both on people and things, and it was always to a person's advantage if they managed to be standing in front of a divan when this elephantine puppy got too enthusiastic!

As for gentleness of nature, the children who were his playmates in the neighborhood, knew best the tenderness that dwelt in that massive frame. A little girl remembers how gently Duke eased off her mittens, with his tremendous mouth barely touching her tiny hand.

He loved the children's dolls as much as they did, but the "squeaker toys" were his undoing. He could face any foe bravely, but the sound of these toys would set his mammoth frame acquisive with fright. Like the children, Duke was sometimes subject to delinquency—a frequent desire to run away, which was never quite fulfilled for he never succeeded in getting properly lost. (How can you lose an elephant?) This did frustrate him a little and punishment for this naughtiness was to sit in the corner of the room with his face to the wall until he was dismissed.

He managed to uphold the tradition of his breed by displaying guardianlike qualities, but having no sheep to herd, he nevertheless did an excellent job of rounding up the cats in the neighborhood. When they got lost Duke was sent out and in no time at all the cats followed him. I think he had a great admiration for them because of their ability to get lost unnoticed—a talent he thought might rub off on him if he traveled with the cats long enough.

In his lifetime, Duke welcomed all manner of strays, and it seems fitting that his final resting place should be in the small animal cemetery adjacent to the SPCA Shelter, built from funds with which he played a vital part in securing. Even in death, Duke's spirit can't get lost—he will always be found in the hearts of those who loved him.

**S**HEILA, and I have never been able to agree on the number of puppies which can be said to constitute the perfect litter. I like a family of two, three at the most, while she favors a round baker's dozen. So, thirteen, it is, with my having to bottle feed, housebreak and ultimately put up for adoption, her rowdy, voracious youngsters.

Her latest litter was well timed, having arrived on the first of November. I figured by Christmas they'd be ready to place in new homes and, since children usually prefer a pet to inanimate toys, I anticipated no difficulty in finding the right child for the right pup at weaning time. By beginning my campaign early, I was able to dispose of all but one of the expected thirteen by December 24th.

For "Hap," the thirteenth member of the clan, there didn't seem to be a demand. Maybe it was because he didn't look like a puppy for, from the beginning, he was long-bodied and slim with shoebottom eyes and a tail that took all of him to wag. Or maybe it was because Mr. Blue always managed to push Hap in the background when a selection was being made.

Yet, of all the puppies, Hap had more to offer than any of the others. To begin with, he was serious minded, having spent more time with Mr. Blue than with his brothers and sisters. Like Mr. Blue, he never jumped up, muddyng skirts and trousers. Neither did he rip his bed to ribbons or scatter papers over the yard.

At eight weeks, Hap was more accomplished than most pups twice his age. Besides the things I taught him, he learned, by watching Mr. Blue, to bring our slippers and to keep the hens out of the dooryard.

I placed an advertisement in the paper, detailing his qualities at great length. And then I waited. Days passed. I was beginning to think that Hap would be with us the rest of his life when a nice looking couple with a small boy drove into the yard.

"You have a dog to give away?" the woman asked, displaying the paper.

I said I had, provided he could be assured of a good home in the country. It was while she was telling me about their farm and the dog they'd just lost at the age of ten, that Hap came out of the barn to see who was calling.

"This is Hap, the pup," I said. "He's not much to look at, but he's very bright . . ."

I saw the woman look from the pup to her husband with an "Oh dear, I expected more," expression. I told them if they'd get out of the car, I'd show them what Hap could do.

Neither made a move to comply, but the little boy, apparently seeing in the pup something his parents had missed, tumbled to the ground. The next instant he was on his knees stroking the pup, looking into his eyes, examining his teeth.

"He's housebroken," I offered eagerly. "It isn't often you can find a pup you can depend on. . . ."

I was about to demonstrate his other accomplishments when Mr. Blue came out of the house, practically bringing the door with him.

"And he can shake hands, speak and fetch the paper," I went on.

"Make him shake hands," the boy said, and held out his own grubby little paw.

Before I could give the order, Mr. Blue had wedged himself between the boy and the pup and was thrusting the younger

# "Mr. Blue," Outwitted

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue did not take his loss lightly.

dog away. Without taking offense, the pup went around to the boy's other side, but Mr. Blue was there before him.

"Come away," I said and led Mr. Blue off. From a distance, I ordered Hap to speak, whereupon Mr. Blue set up such a yap-ping that the pup simply sat there looking puzzled by the commotion. Then Mr. Blue broke away and began cutting circles in the driveway, nipping the pup as he passed, setting up a game of tag the youngster couldn't resist. Round and round they went, with Mr. Blue leading the dog farther and farther away until they were deep in the vineyard.

"Never mind," the woman said, when I attempted to call them back, "this particular puppy isn't for us. He's too big and rowdy for Ronny. . . ."

Just then Hap returned alone. Apparently Mr. Blue's attention had been diverted by a rabbit so Hap was free to demonstrate his talents without interference. By the time he'd performed his repertoire of tricks, he was ace-high with the entire family.

Mr. Blue, coming back from the hunt, didn't miss Hap right away. For a few minutes he was occupied pulling burs out of his feet. Then all at once, he was outside, looking into, over and under everything that might conceal Hap. Failing to find the youngster, he came into the house, passed through the kitchen without his customary wag and settled in front of the fireplace, his head on his paws, breathing dejection from every pore. For me, he had only dark looks, that seemed to ask what I used for a heart.



*Andy, the Cocker Spaniel who prefers water to dry land, glides gracefully down a mountain stream, calmly ignoring the tiny fish who scurry quickly out of his way. Although this particular stream is bordered by stately birch trees and mossy banks, Andy is not always so discriminating in his choice of swimming holes. A mud hole, if that is all that is available will do fine.*

# Well-Seasoned Traveller

*By Lucille Mabbott*

IT isn't unusual for humans to have traveled from coast to coast and border to border, but Andy feels that he has set some sort of record in the canine set.

During his four-year lifetime he has made a complete trip from the West Coast to the East Coast and back again, all within the space of two weeks. On top of that he has entered into all states between the two coasts, the Mexican and Canadian borders with the exception of

New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. It isn't that he's disinterested in this area, he just feels that he should save something to look forward to in the future.

Andy, a honey-colored Cocker, began his exciting life in Sand Point, Idaho, in the florist business with his mistress, Beth Atkinson. This is where wanderlust first began affecting him, for he was as much a part of the delivery service as the station wagon and the flowers. These daily trips

in and around Sand Point soon grew into weekend excursions to farther points of Idaho and into Washington and Oregon. When his mistress sold the florist shop they took off from Spokane cross-country to New York City, South Dakota, Beth's hometown, and settled down for almost a year.

Wanderlust set in again. This time it was a leisure trip through the southwest, the south and the southeast. Then back once more to Rapid City, which immediately became his permanent base of operations. From this point he very thoroughly investigated the Black Hills region, referred to in guide books and travel magazines as "the richest one hundred square miles in the United States."

In spite of his travels across the good solid earth of our country there is nothing that excites him quite as much as a body of water. From his place on the front seat of the car beside his mistress he keeps an alert lookout for two things . . . his other friends of the animal kingdom and water. Whether it's a vast lake extending miles around, a cold stream trickling down a mountainside, a bubbling brook, a roaring river or merely a mudhole in some pasture, Andy puts up such a howl that the automobile is eventually stopped and he is allowed to take a cool, refreshing dip.

So far he hasn't picked up any strange accents as a result of his roaming around, since dogs speak a universal language regardless of the area. But he has become adept in adjusting himself to sleeping in a variety of places. He is equally at home in a hotel or a motor court, in the back seat of the car or on the foot of a sleeping bag. He has learned to be extremely quiet when it becomes necessary for him to be smuggled into a place where animals are discriminated against. He has developed spotless manners and is a fastidious guest. He is a gentleman in an automobile, knows his place and keeps it. He insists upon only one thing, and gets it . . . the spot immediately next to the window where he can lean his head out and let his ears flap in the breeze.

He instinctively knows when his mistress is getting ready to go somewhere and is the first one to the car, with no worries about baggage and a spare change of clothing. He knows he will be fed on time, will have a good place to sleep that night, and that new and exciting things are in store for him, maybe just around that next curve in the road.

# A Home For Eloise

By Dorothy Bausum

A FEW weeks ago there appeared on our campus a dirty, uncared-for female dog of no distinguishable color or breed. It was immediately evident that she was soon planning to have a family of her own and was looking for a place to settle down.

Perhaps she instinctively knew that a college campus was just the place to capture about 1,000 hearts, thus assuring comfort and happiness for herself and her family. She was exactly right and it was no rare occasion, after that, to see the students sneaking her into buildings to keep her from "catching cold", or carefully concealing food under their jackets as they left the cafeteria each meal to make sure that Eloise (as they affectionately named her) would have plenty to eat.

It was during this enjoyment for both dog and students, that news went around campus that certain members of the faculty were going to put Eloise "out of her misery." Whether this was true or only a rumor we did not know, but suddenly Eloise disappeared. Our hearts sank and our tempers rose for we could imagine what had happened.

Just as we were about to tear upon the faculty in our rage, a notice appeared on the bulletin board which read:

## ATTENTION!

*Eloise had her pups last night at 8:00 P.M. in the Tarrmanian Brotherhood Hospital. The result was eight fine healthy pups. A pre-med student was in attendance at the time. Mother, puppies and the Brotherhood are all doing fine.*

Campus Reporter

P.S. A congratulations card was mailed to the happy family.



# Strange Shearwater

By John Warham

PETRELS are the most ocean-going of all seabirds and the species shown here, the Manx Shearwater, spends most of the year at sea scooping a living from the surface of the waves. It feeds on small fish like sardines and sprats and on creatures like cephalopods; it literally flies into the waves when chasing its prey.

For nesting the birds choose lonely islands where they meet their mates and burrow in the soft soil. They lay a single white egg in a nesting chamber below the surface and this is incubated in turn by both sexes. Ringing has shown that shearwaters generally pair for life and return to their chosen burrow year after year.

On land the birds are very awkward owing to the way in which the legs are placed to the rear of their bodies and they have difficulty in rising from the ground unless there is a good wind to help them. They come ashore only after dark when enemies like hawks and gulls are sleeping. This picture was taken by flashlight in the early hours of the morning.

The chick is covered with deep down

and is abandoned during the daytime when only 3 or 4 days old. At night one or other of the old birds feed it. However, the visits may be very irregular since much of the food is collected as far as 400 miles from the nesting site, and the chick, sleeping the hours away in its snug earthy chamber, may have to wait several days, perhaps as long as a week, for a meal.

The homing powers of these birds are remarkable. An adult brought from its nest on Stockholm Island in Wales to Boston by Mr. Rosario Mazzio in 1952 flew straight for home when released on the harbor and it got back over 3200 miles of sea in 12½ days, having averaged about 250 miles per day and having beaten the airmail letter which Mr. Mazzio dispatched immediately following the bird's release.

These Shearwaters wander extensively in the Atlantic out of the breeding season and banded British birds have been recovered as far south as Argentina, so we may presume that many of the birds of this species seen off South American coasts have their summer homes in Europe.

# Our Society Campaigns for Slaughter Reform



Mr. Mooney discussing Representative Hiestand's bill with Senator Hubert H. Humphrey (D), of Minneapolis, Minn.



Representative Martha W. Griffiths (D), of Michigan, adds her voice to Mooney's saga of our

Our National Field Secretaries  
to discuss slaughter reform

Old acquaintances, Representative Edith Nourse Rogers (R), of Lowell, Massachusetts, and Mr. Mooney add reminiscences to serious talk about legislation.





Dr. M. J. J. Houthuis (D), of Detroit, Michigan, shows interest in Mr. Mooney's report on the progress of our Society's activities.



Mr. Mooney talks over the situation with Representative Edgar W. Hiestand (R), of Altadena, California.

## Field Secretary visits Washington to discuss slaughter reform with legislators.

Left to right, Dr. M. J. J. Houthuis of Holland, President Eric H. Hansen and John C. Macfarlane inspect one of the earlier devices produced to make slaughter less cruel.



OUR Society, which has always been especially interested in a solution to the livestock transportation and slaughter problem, has entered enthusiastically into the present attempt to pass legislation which would make it mandatory to stun animals before slaughtering.

Recently our National Field Secretary, Mr. Joseph P. Mooney, visited Washington, where he discussed this legislation with four outstanding legislators, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Representative Edgar W. Hiestand, Representative Martha W. Griffiths (sponsors of bills in the two Houses) and Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, 5th District, Massachusetts.

These illustrious members of Congress were all most appreciative of our efforts and of Mr. Mooney's presence in Washington, where he explained to them the steps our Society has taken, even to the extent of sending representatives several times to Europe to study slaughter conditions, over the course of the last fifty years.

That we have been active in this field is evidenced by the fact that our Director of Livestock Conservation Department, Mr. John C. Macfarlane, has been named to represent the entire humane movement at the various hearings held and to be held on these bills.

Also, we would like once again to point to the fact that it is Mr. Macfarlane, alone, who has been working with Remington Arms Company in an effort to produce a new instrument which will humanely stun food animals before slaughter takes place. It is hoped that our efforts will soon be crowned with success and that the "Great Cruelty" will shortly be resolved.

# Jimmy and His Family

By Cora B. Jensen



JIMMY is a true family feline. He has the largest family of any cat we know. Of course, they are members of the human not of the cat family. This makes Jimmy a petted darling but no one will admit he is spoiled. Jimmy's character is strong enough to prevent such a condition. You see, he is official mascot and greeter in a small, charming hotel in Monrovia, California. The guests at this hotel are for the most part, permanent and they and the patrons of the dining room just couldn't be without Jimmy. He brings a most desirable and homely aura of contentment and peace to his surroundings. Jimmy feels that every hotel should have a cat.

As folks enter the lawn-and-palm-edged walk leading to the front veranda of the hotel they may see Jimmy sitting on the steps or on a porch chair, calmly surveying his domain and giving everyone a sweet welcome. Should he not be out in front he may be found somewhere in the inviting lobby, either before the fireplace or in a soft chair. Here the visitor will find two lovely portraits of Jimmy, one on the wall and another generally near a large floral arrangement on the centered library table. A clue that Jimmy is somewhere nearby will be a food dish on the floor, usually near the dining room entrance. All this spells homeliness to the visitor. These

little intimate touches warm the human heart, dispelling the cold, business-like formality so often found in hotel lobbies or public dining rooms.

Our family eats out once a week. The last time the question was asked "Where shall we eat tonight?" it was met by "Let's eat where they have that nice big cat!" Evidently good food alone isn't sufficient inducement for us, we feel most content in an atmosphere of homeliness.

The last time we ate at the hotel we were given a table overlooking their lovely garden. Jimmy was out there reclining on an outdoor chaise lounge, wistfully watching the birds and butterflies. Most of the time, however, we have found him out in front or in the lobby, dispensing his quiet, poised greeting to each newcomer.

Jimmy has so endeared himself to the hotel guests that one of the permanent residents permit him ready access to his apartment through an outside window. It is here that Jimmy is pictured above. However, he would not wish to be branded as a peeping Tom.

Since there are no watch dogs around he has assumed the role of watch-cat. These duties consist of chasing any dogs or cats from the premises. Of course, in chasing these other critters away he cannot help remembering a certain skeleton in his own closet—the fact that he came to the hotel as a stray about five years ago. But he would rather that we would not speak of this.

Jimmy is a Persian cat of white and amber tones. I asked him once where he got that golden splotch across his face and he purred that it came from tangling with a sunbeam. He keeps his coat of dense Angora fur groomed beautifully and few can resist the impulse to stroke his luxuriant fur.

He is certainly quite a figurehead around the hotel and one of the most popular cats I know. Everyone who meets him immediately falls into his large family of followers. This is one Persian Puss who is truly loving and beloved.

## Canine Conductor

By Walter E. Hempstead, Jr.

FIRST 'passenger' escorted off the train that day was a friendly English 'walker' bull dog, who, vibrating his curved up-and-over tail, followed the conductor towards the station.

"Hey, you kids," commanded the conductor to the usual group of boys lounging near by. "Come here!"

"This is Curly," said the conductor. "I will give him to any one who promises to keep him away from the railroad."

"What's the matter with him?" asked the most interested lad. Curly wagged his tail faster.

"He rides and hides on this train for free every day all the way," explained the conductor. "He crawls under the seats until the train gets under way." The dog made friends with travellers who ate their lunches in the passenger coaches in those days, and fared well with food and fellowship.

"If we manage to get the car door closed before he gets in," the conductor explained, "Curly simply curls up on the platform step until the next stop, then sneaks clear in again."

Reaching for the leash from the conductor, the eager lad agreed to provide Curly a good home, and led the animal away.

"Curly was the most sociable pet I ever had," said Gafford Dickerson later, in telling the boyhood story of his stowaway. "The smart little rascal lived with me and my family on the other side of Stillwell, Oklahoma, from the Frisco railroad station for two years. He acted just like any other dog, except when the whistle blew. Then he would perk up his ears for a second with a gleam in his eyes. Otherwise, my bull-dog behaved like he should, in every respect."

The Dickerson family moved away. "About a week before that," Dickerson said, "Curly turned up missing, and we were sad."

Passing through, however, a year afterwards, Gafford made it a point to say hello to the same conductor on that branch line from Fort Smith.

"Yes, I found Curly again," said the conductor. "Right back on my train. I had to make Curly my deputy. At last he is both satisfied and dignified."

# Fraternity Dog

CECIL RHODES is a Rhodesian Ridgeback puppy who is holding down a job as a fraternity mascot.

The dun-colored little dog's favorite game is "tag." In the front room of the Sigma Chi fraternity house at the University of Missouri, he'll eye his masters, hoping that one will lead him in a circular chase around some of the furniture. Even though his breed is known for its speed, Cecil prefers to win his games by using his head instead of his legs. He outsmarts his quarry by doubling back on him. Confronting him, Cecil fixes the boy with a questioning stare for a moment, then, as if bored, turns and walks away.

The life of a fraternity house mascot is often difficult for a pet. He often receives too much affection and sometimes too much food. Cecil, however, is maintaining a reasonably normal diet and is happily co-existing with 90 masters and their friends. They perhaps give him more than the normal amount of attention because

of curiosity about his breed. Interest of the members and of the many guests who visit the house naturally centers on the Rhodesian Ridgeback trademark — the narrow ridge of hair growing down the center of Cecil's back from shoulder to tail, standing up something like the crew-cut hair of some of his collegiate masters.

Rhodesian Ridgebacks, known in Africa for years, have only recently come into prominence in the United States when they were recognized by the American Kennel Club. Cecil is definitely American through and through, for almost more than anything else, he likes to play basketball on the fraternity's backyard court—sometimes to the annoyance of the human participants.

The University of Missouri, at Columbia, Mo., is the home for a number of dogs somewhat out of the ordinary who seem to gather at different times around the campus. It is with such dogs as a huge St. Bernard named Waldo, a three-legged

By Guy Moss



Photo by John Mihalaros

Sometimes Cecil plays basketball with the boys

campus traditional named Tripod, and a flop-eared Basset named Benchely that Cecil might be seen from time to time, lolling in the sun on the grass of the University's Francis Quadrangle.

## Our Dog Jigs

THE other day I sat before my neighbor's television set and watched a man lecture on how to keep a dog happy and "socially acceptable."

Before my astonished eyes he took from a shelf behind him more pills, lotions, ointments, powders, sprays and "what have you", including chlorophyll tablets, than I had ever had while raising my four children. Incidentally those children are quite happy and also socially accepted.

Then another man came out and told about the sweaters, blankets, harnesses and fancy collars that were a "must to a well-raised dog."

Lastly we saw a third man demonstrate the various kinds of dog foods—biscuits, canned meats, and cereal mixtures especially prepared for said socially accepted dog and absolutely essential for his well-being.

As I listened, my thoughts went wistfully back to our little dog Jigs who grew up with my children in the depression days and who was quite happy without all those things the men talked of so glibly.

Jigs was a mongrel, part bulldog, part shepherd. His little bulldog face made us think of Jigs in the funny paper, hence his name. From this part of his ancestry came his fighting heart and somewhat pugnacious ways.

The shepherd strain made him good with stock, gentle with children and an all-around good family pet.

I wondered what Jigs would think of all these essentials to a dog's well-being that was offered by the experts.

I can see his bulldog lip curl as he sniffs: "I bathed in the creek in the pasture, dusted in the dust of the road and went to church with the family on Sundays where everyone petted me! Of course I was 'socially accepted.' G-r-r-r. I never had a sweater or a blanket to wear in my life. The kids did put an old blanket in the woodshed for me when it got cold, and I was grateful. Jim put a leather strap around my neck and I needed nothing else. Happy? Sure I was. Where would a sweater be after I had gone fishing along the bank with Jim? On the bushes, of

course!

Food—dog biscuits and canned horse meat. Never heard of them! I ate what the kids gave me, meat, gravy, potatoes or milk. On that I did my work and had time and strength left to play with the kids. When we went to town in the old hack the kids used to sit on the back seat and give me a lick of their suckers now and then as I lay on the floor beneath the seat. "Candy isn't good for dogs? Never hurt me! Don't know what the kids' mother would have thought."

It is true that I never knew about the suckers until the children were grown and Jigs had passed on. Then they told me the story and laughed at my shocked face.

Jigs had lived to a ripe old age, the little girl who first called him 'Jigs' was grown and married before a kindly neighbor was called over to put him away.

I'm sure he never knew that he had been mistreated and denied the right to be "socially accepted." He was just too busy being a normal happy little dog, loved by all who knew him.

By Anna J. Buttrey

# Society and



Our Society's President, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, presents the Society's plaque to H. A. Brown, Assistant to the President, Remington Arms Company, Inc., in recognition of the Company's outstanding contribution toward the humane slaughter of food animals through the development of the Remington Humane Stunner. John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Conservation Dep't. (right) and Henry P. Davis, Remington's Public Relations Manager (left) look on in approval.



It must be spring! At least this pair of kittens, Mazie and Daisy, patients at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital think so. And all because their loving owner presented them with a bouquet of pussy willows to decorate their "room" in the Hospital. Miss Mary Mathews, Hospital staff member, joined the convalescing kittens in greeting this harbinger of warm weather.



In an effort to obtain added protection for fawns and deer and also set up a commission to study the problem, a meeting took place recently. Shown seated (left to right) are: Dr. Eric H. Hansen, Society President and Republican Floor Leader of the House, Charles Gibbons, of Stoneham; standing (left to right): J. Robert Smith, Assistant to Dr. Hansen, Representative William D. Morton, Jr., Wellesley Hills, and Representative Charles Holman, Norwood.

# y Service d News

Two cages in one of our new wards which have been donated and bear attractive bronze plaques attesting to this fact. This is an effective manner of showing interest in animal welfare and of perpetuating the memory of a beloved friend or relative. A call or note to our Society will bring you further details.



"Unselfish devotion" aptly describes the act of eleven-year-old Sylvia Sheedy who purchased some cans of dog and cat food with money she received for running errands and donated them to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. The kindly, bright-eyed youngster is shown presenting her gift to Mr. Herman N. Dean, Chief Prosecuting Officer.



Dr. Marek Rakower, left, veterinarian from Lima, Peru, is shown with Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Chief of Staff of our Hospital. Dr. Rakower recently spent several weeks here to observe the latest techniques in veterinary surgery and other activities of the Hospital. He is a professor at the School of Veterinary Medicine at San Marcos University



# CHILDREN'S



## The Baby's Fall (Grade 4)

ONE summer morning when I was playing in the yard, I saw a little baby bird in a blueberry bush. I went over to the bush to see if it was hurt. I wasn't quite sure so I took it into my father. He said it wasn't hurt, but it was a baby who had fallen out of the nest.

I took the bird out on the lawn to play, but my mother called and said there was someone on the telephone for me. When I came back to see where the bird was, he was gone. I looked and looked until finally I found it caught in a rosebush.

My mother came out with a brass dish that had three little chains coming up from each side. We gathered up a whole pile of grass and lined the dish with it. We hung it up on a swing in the backyard near the spot where we had found the bird. Then we went away.

I heard chattering and chirpping and went out to see what was the matter. I looked up and saw two woodpeckers in the trees. My mother said to leave because if I didn't the older birds would never be able to get the baby.

That noon I went out to see how things were coming along, but the baby was gone and so were the mother and father.

## No Bigger than a Minute

*I saw a little house no bigger than a minute  
I shyly peeped inside and there was no one in it.  
A tiny wren was singing in a high green tree,  
"Tiralee, tiralee, lee, lee,  
This cosy house for rent is for mine and me!"*

*I saw the little bird and mate both burry in it,  
Such a cunning wee house no bigger than a minute.  
My own heart kept singing with the wren in the tree  
"Tiralee, tiralee, lee, lee,  
My boy built the house in the high green tree."*

*I'm glad the happy birds so love to live within it,  
That gayly painted house no bigger than a minute.  
Now baby birds are sitting on the porch to learn to fly,  
And we watch them together, my happy boy and I.*

## Tar Baby

**By Dorothy Adkins (11)**

WHEN my cat Tar Baby had kittens, we named them Standard and Daylight Saving, Stan and Dailey for short. They were born the night standard time changed to daylight saving time. The time changed at two o'clock and Stan was born ten minutes before. Dailey was born shortly after two.



# PAGES



## My Dog Zippy

(Grade 6 — Reading, Mass.)

EVEN though Zippy had an unfortunate experience, he was always a friendly dog. He is a big brown police dog that I now own, and a friend to the end. He was in the army for two years and was shot in the back. He suffered many other injuries, but wait! I guess I'm getting ahead of my story. It all started in the winter of 1952.

One morning as I woke up I heard a strange whining sound. I hurriedly got dressed and ran downstairs. Outside I saw a small half-frozen puppy—I just had to let him in. I fed him and covered him with a blanket. I didn't know what to do because I had to do my paper route and my parents didn't know about the dog. I took a chance and went out on my route and when I returned I saw my mother and brother excitedly playing with the puppy. I rushed up to my mother and asked her if I could keep it. She was slow in her answer but gave in and said, "maybe." After we checked police headquarters and they found no clue to the identity of the dog, he was mine. After about six weeks we got him licensed.

Within seven months, "Zippy," as we named him, was inventing his own games. One we all especially liked was when he spotted an old rubber. He circled it, growling fiercely, attacked it, grabbed it between his teeth, flung it through the air, pounced on it, and savagely tried to tear it apart.

The following year a Captain Howard came and asked if we would offer our dog to the Armed Forces. We were happy to have him serve our country. He was trained and sent to Korea. He was shot in the back and received other injuries, but he finally came back to me in January 1955.

It's all over now and I'm glad I have Zippy back.

## Our Patient

(Grade 4)

ONE day while playing with my brother we heard a weak "Chirp, Chirp" on the grass near the sidewalk. It was a baby robin with a broken wing. We brought it in the house and carefully prepared a little bed for it in my brother's bedroom.

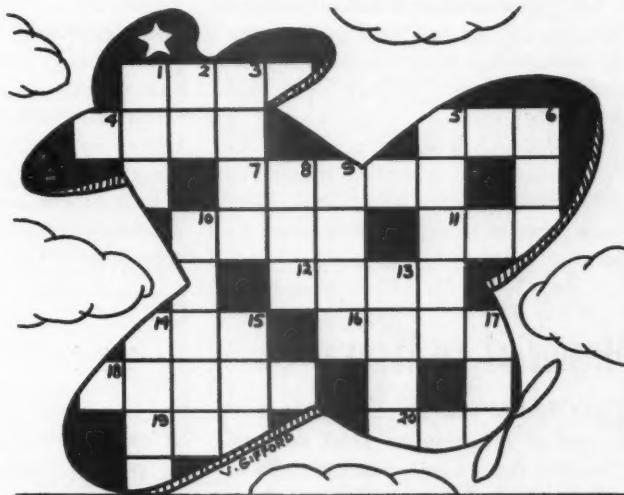
In the morning I am always awakened by the singing of the birds, but this morning it was my brother who woke me up. Half asleep, I saw an eye dropper in one hand and our little patient in the other. We both examined its wing and discovered it was better. Later in the morning our little feathered friend was well enough to fly again to enjoy once more the beauty of the outside world.

## Kindness to Animals

By Georgianna Motta (10)

IN many yards there are trees. Sometimes you see birdhouses too. I have no trees in my yard and I can't have any birdhouses, but still I feed the birds. Every morning I open my window and give the sparrows crusts of bread. And my mother has a pan on the roof which I fill with fresh water. Everyone should take care of these little birds as they take care of the gardens.

Answers to Puzzle will Appear Next Month.



ACROSS	DOWN
1. Fish	1. Cat
4. Bone	2. Within
5. To occupy a seat.	3. Seal
7. →	6. Tie
10. Substitute for butter.	8. Color of a rose.
11. Night before.	9. The covering of a house.
12. Toy baby for a child.	10. Body of salt water.
14. Moisture on grass.	13. A young sheep.
16. Autumn.	14. To fall in drops.
18. To weave.	15. Opposite of lose.
19. Hotel.	17. Past tense of "lie".
20. Male child.	

Answers to May Puzzle: Across—2. jacket, 6. Erin, 7. date, 9. cent, 10. eh, 11. rolls, 13. neat. Down—1. ladder, 3. kettle, 4. ere, 5. ti, 8. anon, 10. E.S.T., 12. la.



# Feline Vacation

By Evelyn T. Browning



WHEN we spent a week at our cabin on Lake Whitney last summer, our cats did too! We don't know who had the most fun—us, or the cats.

Chigger, a reddish-yellow cat with amber eyes, and her two kittens just couldn't do enough exploring. They smelled and purred around every last new weed, thicket and rock there was. And, when a big skinny Jack rabbit hopped across the yard, the reaction was something to see. The two kittens, Sinders and T-Kat, didn't know whether to chase the rabbit or run from it.

The kittens never before had seen a broom and when I attempted to sweep the cabin floor, T-Kat got the idea that I was doing this for his benefit only. He looked like a small kangaroo trying to catch the broom.

The change in scenery put Chigger in such a good mood that she wanted to kiss everyone—especially if you would stand before the ice box where there were strange and exciting foods.

Both kittens have extra long tails and watching them play at night on the cabin floor with a ball we decided that they

looked nothing like their grandmother who is a beautiful Manx without a tail and of a breed said to have originated on the Isle of Man.

The cats did just about everything we did—except fish. They would follow us down to the water, but would beat it back to the cabin when we were ready to take off in the boat.

We're back home now, ready for winter—the children in school, the husband at work. The cats? They are out sleeping in the sun, dreaming no doubt of the beautiful soft early mornings at the cabin.

## Memorial to Winky

PROBABLY the longest, and certainly one of the strangest kinds of memorial ever erected to a dog, has been established here at Berry Hill. It is a fence, five feet high, extending the full length of our five-and-a-half acres of land. The dog, our own lovable Winky, a big, homely, heavy-headed Irish Setter, was killed instantly one hot September afternoon by a fast freight on the tracks which run directly behind Berry Hill. We found him beside the track a half-hour later. We were all heart-broken.

Winky lacked only a month of being a year old but a bigger baby you never saw. He was almost always right around the house, never wandering off, just content to be where everybody was, to have his head petted and his long, red-silk coat brushed. So we knew an immediate feeling of ominousness when feeding time came that day and no Winky bounded up for his dinner. He might have chased a

bird or a rabbit or perhaps a strange dog off the property, and finding himself on the railroad tracks was unable to cope with the situation. For as I have already said, there was never a bigger baby, never a dog less capable of taking care of himself.

He seemed to have no sense at all and was forever getting into some kind of trouble—once, by getting badly stung by a swarm of bees when he stuck his big moist nose right into the nest, another time, when out of sheer happiness and exuberance during one of our daily walks, he grabbed up a stick along the path and it turned out to be a locust twig and the heavy thorns caught in his mouth. These are only a few of the instances I can remember. No one could help but adore him for his pure dumbness about everything.

Winky was a happy dog despite all this for he knew nothing of his failings and

By V. I. Porter

always carried his homely head high with a certain kind of ridiculous dignity.

After we lost Winky we were so worried about our nearness to the tracks and the possibility of another of our setters or collies wandering up the embankment and onto the tracks, or even worse, a child who might be visiting us—that we wrote the railroad about it. What a lovely letter we received from the division engineer in Pennsylvania! He wrote that he regretted very much the loss of our dog that he appreciated our concern, and that the railroad was issuing instructions immediately for fencing to protect our property!

And so our beloved Winky, that comical big somber-eyed Irisher, has this memorial to him, that none of the other happy-go-lucky red setters or playful, sunny-coated collies on Berry Hill will lose their lives, as he did, on those tracks. Could any handsomer, finer-looking dog in the world have more to his memory than this?

## Nature Recreation

Dr. William G. Vinal's book, NATURE RECREATION, is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as a program of ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials.

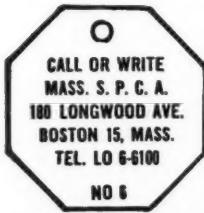
This book will fill the often stated demand of teachers, Junior Humane Societies, Scout leaders, camps and clubs for an inexpensive guide for outdoor activities.

Selling for \$3.50 each, NATURE RECREATION may be secured by writing to the Wildlife and Conservation Department, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

## Don't Miss Out

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Order your DOG IDENTITY TAG today—and your Identification Kit, too, if you don't have one. Send just fifty cents (check or money order) for each KIT or TAG you want to the Dog Identity Bureau, Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

P. S. Be sure to notify the Bureau if: (1) you change your address, (2) your dog changes owners or dies, or (3) you wish to put the tag on a different dog.

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This program is for sale or for rent, complete, at reasonable prices, to be within the budget range of most humane societies, schools, and Scout troops.

Please address all inquiries and orders to:  
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180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of .... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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